

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



JUNE — 1954

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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Cover Design by Susan Hearty

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of Johnson High School, North Andover, Massachusetts

VOL. XXX

JUNE ISSUE

NO. 4

EDITORIAL



FAREWELL

The end of the school year being at hand, it comes time for us to write our farewell editorial. This time we aren't merely bidding good-bye to the seniors but to our school. Finally the dreams of many have been realized and, next September, the student body will enter the new North Andover High School.

As seniors, we shall carry away many unforgettable memories of our Alma Mater. The future students of N. A. H. S. will probably never be able to say that they had a math class in a room where the temperature was only fifty degrees, nor will they ever be able to hang mistletoe over the door of Room 8 at Christmas time. These are just a couple of the many "humorous" episodes that will endear Johnson to our hearts forever.

In closing, we want to wish the best of luck to all the seniors in their future careers and may you, the underclassmen, always be as proud of your new high school as we have been of Johnson.

The Editors.

"STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!"

We can well take this familiar saying—"Stop, Look, Listen"—with us every where we go. It would be a good thing for all of us to stop in our mad rush to beat the other fellow. We would enjoy life more if we stopped wearing ourselves out by trying to compete continually with the timetable.

Then there is the word "Look." We all know the old saying—"Look before you leap." Before making many a decision, we could gain a great deal by looking at the facts in the case and weighing them carefully. How much we might learn that we do not know now, if we would but use our eyes. We should keep looking for new discoveries no matter where we may be.

Perhaps the last word in our well-known quotation, "Listen," is the most important. Often the listener, in a group or crowd, is the most interesting person of all. You can almost guess what he is thinking from his quiet attitude and his intelligent expression. If

you can make his acquaintance, you will often discover a person well worth knowing.

Try thinking of these words the

next time you are inclined to rush. You may be surprised at what you can discover and learn.

Joan Boyle, '55



LITERARY

A SUMMER NIGHT

I lay on my back in the deep grass just outside the meadow fence and lazily thought of nothing in particular. There was a sweet, indescribable odor to the fresh, clear air, such as you would find only on a warm June evening in the country.

Suddenly the sun dipped behind the hill, and I sat up to watch the sunset which was most beautiful. Each and every tree, rock, and bush on the horizon was now outlined in intricate, delicate silhouette against the rose and golden glow of the sky. The bottoms of the soft little summer clouds were tinted a dainty rose, but the tops stayed as white against the sky as snowflakes against a green of fresh spring grass.

A moment before, the sun had thrown a path of pure shining gold across the rippling surface of the river, and now each single ripple reflected beautiful tiny glowing lights from the golden rose of the glorious sunset. All the evening noises suddenly became silent, and for a moment the world lay hushed and silent as if awed by the splendor and beauty of the summer sunset.

For a minute I closed my eyes, and, when I opened them again, the golden light had faded from the western sky. Now it was a very pale, delicate blue, and the rest of the sky was a deep, dark blue. The distant moon gleamed out of the darkness with a dull

mysterious light. One, two, a hundred, a million little stars blinked down out of the blue-black sky like many tiny diamonds scattered on black velvet.

The nightly concert of the crickets first rose, fell, and then vibrated on the still, warm air. All was quiet except for the crickets, for all other living things were asleep. The stars winked down at the quiet world below. A soft breeze sighed restlessly through the willows again, and then it was still as if it too were weary. Yes, now it was night.

Carol Weigel, '56

THE BRIEFCASE

"Congratulations and good luck!"

Yes, those were the fateful words spoken to me by the principal on graduation day, and with them, plus a sheet of paper verifying the fact that I had successfully passed four years of secondary schooling, I went out into the world to seek my fate.

The next day school was all forgotten as I started out on the tedious task of getting a job, but all my efforts were in vain. This went on for a month and I, as well as my family, was getting impatient and just about to give up hope when I noticed the want-ad in very fine print:

"Boy of about eighteen with high school diploma wanted to take trip to Florida. All expenses

paid, plus good salary. Call at 340 E. Winding St. after 7:00 P.M.”

Naturally, my curiosity was aroused and, with the paper under my arm I was off, determined to get the job. I must admit I was disappointed to find that the address in the paper led me to a dilapidated shack and I was on the verge of turning back, but the thought of facing my family with no news of a job was the deciding factor in my going through with it.

After knocking on the door for a few minutes to no avail, I was about to leave when it was opened by an old man hunched with age. He led me into a dark entry and down some steps into what I supposed was a cellar; then he lit a candle. His face bore the scars of battles of success and defeat, and he spoke with an educated tongue. He was brief and to the point. He told me that I was to take a briefcase to a Hotel des Anges in Miami, to Room 111, where I would turn over the briefcase to the tenant of said room. He further cautioned me not to question anyone about the contents of the case or try to open it, for it would prove dangerous.

My pay would be five hundred dollars and all my expenses would be paid. Under these terms I would be a fool to refuse, so he handed me an envelope with two hundred and fifty dollars and my train ticket and told me I would receive the other two hundred and fifty dollars upon delivery of the briefcase.

The next day, after briefing my family about my job, I got on the train to Florida.

I must admit my curiosity was aroused and I was tempted to open the case, but I had given my word, and, anyway, for five hundred dollars it was worth not knowing its contents. Perhaps I'd find out about it in Florida.

I couldn't enjoy the trip for

my mind was on the case. Maybe it contained money from a recent bank holdup, or atomic secrets; perhaps it contained espionage plans of the Communist party. “I don't care, I'm going to open it,” I thought, but just before I did I had a strange feeling that someone was staring at me. I turned around and there was a shady character with beady eyes watching me. He appeared to be watching my every move.

What am I going to do if I'm caught with this, whatever it is? I'll probably be taken to prison or shot or something!

The remainder of the trip was long and tedious and everyone seemed to notice the case.

Finally, I arrived in Miami and took a cab to the Hotel des Anges, wondering if that character had followed me, but he was nowhere in sight. I must have imagined his interest in me.

When I got to the hotel I found it to be dirty as well as dilapidated. I went up to Room 111. “The sooner this is over with the better,” I thought as I knocked. When the door opened my heart sank, for it was opened by the same man who had followed me from home and was seated behind me on the train. I took one step in and everything went black.

When I awoke I was in front of the hotel. Two hundred and fifty dollars and a ticket home were in my pocket. I went into the hotel again and ran up to the room but it was empty. The desk clerk told me it hadn't been rented in months.

I went to the station and took the train home, very much bewildered by this confusing chain of events. Why would the clerk lie to me about the room? When I arrived in my home town I went to the old shack and found it empty with a big “for sale” sign on it. The next day I went to the

real estate office and inquired about the shack's recent owner and was told that it hadn't been occupied for three years.

To this day I'm still in the dark as to why I had to deliver the briefcase to Florida and what was in it. In fact, if it weren't for the two train ticket stubs and the five hundred dollars I'd probably think I were crazy!

Robert Kellan, '55

MICHELANGELO

One day last summer, while leisurely strolling through the Gardiner Museum in Boston, I began to have strange hallucinations. I saw a figure form out of thin air, right before my very eyes. Of course I was astounded, but regained my poise enough to demand what right he had to enter this famous institution in this manner and without making use of the regular facilities for entrance which all buildings offer. He didn't seem to appreciate my humor but, in a very natural tone of voice, and acting as if there was nothing unusual about his mode of entrance, announced that he was the ghost of Michelangelo Buonarroti. This is his story as he told it to me.

"I, Michelangelo Buonarroti, was born into an ancient family of Counts of Canosio, in the town of Caprese, Tuscany, in the year 1475. I was known the world over as a great sculptor, painter, architect and poet. I considered poetry and lecturing merely as pastimes, but some say that I showed a spirit of genius in these less developed arts of mine also. I studied drawing under Domenico Ghirlandario, and sculpture under Bertoldo.

"One day Lorenzo de Medici, a brilliant member of an outstanding Italian family, noticed my works of art and kept me in his household while I worked on some

of my masterpieces. In later years I was commissioned, along with Leonardi da Vinci, to decorate the senate hall at Florence. Before I finished, though, I was induced by Pope Julius II to settle in Rome, which I did.

"I painted numerous frescoes, sculptured monuments and statues, and also painted the dome of the Sistine Chapel before I died in 1563. I liked simplicity and elegance in my ornamental work and grandeur and boldness in my sculpturing. I liked imagination, but in moderation, mind you.

"A few minutes ago I happened to be floating around the gallery and noticed some of my brilliant works. Don't smirk like that, young lady! Have you ever seen Picasso's or Van Gogh's works, not to mention Degas', Gauguin's and Roualt's. They're absolutely atrocious! Why if Rembrandt's ghost ever laid eyes on them he'd shiver in his sheet. You haven't seen real art till you've seen the works of Giotto, da Vinci, Rembrandt and, of course, Michelangelo."

With this classic statement he melted into the air, and I never saw him again. I wouldn't be surprised if he's still mourning over the great loss the world had to endure when Michelangelo died.

Louise Mooradkanian, '57

AN ERRAND BY ALLEN

"Allen, the boss wants to see you."

"Okay, Mac, thanks," I said.

"Boss, you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Allen. How would you like to do an errand for me?"

"Of course. Where?"

"You are to deliver this package to Dr. Erwin Frankenstein. Allen, I appreciate this. Nobody else wants to take it. They think his house is haunted."

Later, on my way, I said to

myself, "Boy, this is a long ride. I'm getting hungry. Well, there it is finally. Gee it is a spooky looking place, especially with this storm coming up. I'll park here."

"Huh! That's funny. No one answers and the door is wide open; I'll go in."

"Hello, anybody home?" I called. "Boy, what a big place," I thought.

"Looking for someone?"

"Yipe, you scared me," I exclaimed.

"I am sorry. Let me introduce myself. I am Dr. Frankenstein. Please bring the package to my laboratory. Won't you stay awhile?"

"I always was interested in science," I said, "so I suppose I can stay."

"Fine. I am about to perform a great experiment," the doctor said.

"Hey, doc, who's that?" I asked.

"That is my experiment. Today I am going to summon all the cosmic power in this electrical storm and transpose it into this body I have made from hundreds of other people who have long since been dead. That is what you see there. Now stand back."

When the doctor threw a switch the whole room lit up. There were electrical spirits flying through the air and glowing sparks erupting from the steel bar in the neck of the thing on the table. He shut off the current and my eyes had to get used to the dim light again.

I heard the doctor say, "I've done it; I've created life."

I looked. The thing on the table was standing and walking towards us. It was a monster lumbering forward, walking nearer to the doctor.

I backed away but the doctor stood and waited. He held out his hand as if to make friends with this creature, but in an instant of

horror, the monster ripped the doctor's arm completely off. He screamed. In the next moment his head was crushed like an egg by one blow of the monster's fist.

The monster started after me and I began to run, screaming with fright. I ran out the front door and into my car, and sped down the winding road. Suddenly I went into a skid and crashed into a huge boulder.

When I opened my eyes I was sitting on the floor of my bedroom. It was then I realized it had all been a dream. I glanced at the clock; it was time to go to work. I arrived at the office and sat at my desk.

"Allen, the boss wants to see you," I heard.

"Okay, Mac, thanks," I answered.

"Boss, you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Allen. How would you like to do an errand for me?"

"Allen! come back here! I wonder what's got into that boy; all I wanted him to get me was a box of cigars."

Fred Wilson, '54

THE LAST FIGHT

This was going to be his last fight, the former heavyweight champion knew before the first round was a minute old. His opponent was young and strong. He was old and only a shadow of the famous champion who would go down in ring history as one of the hardest hitters and most skillful boxers in the history of boxing.

He was attempting a comeback, trying to do what no one had ever done before, regain the heavyweight title after giving it up. He did retire five years ago, the undefeated champion of the world. It had only taken him three years to gain the title. He had retired early, before he could become punch-drunk. His investment in the

stock market had paid off. He had become rich and able to retire at thirty.

Why, then, was he again in the ring? A group of so-called friends had paid him a visit two years ago. One was the promoter of the fight he was now in. They had urged him to come back and the ex-champ had listened. He loved the roar of the crowd, their cheers, and people looking up to him and calling him champ. Finally the champ had consented. Six fights had been arranged which the ex-champ had won by knockouts. Then the big fight had been arranged. If the ex-champ won this, they had told him, he could have a shot at the title. So the champ was in the ring.

In the second and third rounds the ex-champ received cuts over both eyes. The referee wanted to stop the fight but the pleading of the ex-champ stopped him. In the fifth round he was knocked down. From then on, with the roar of the crowd in his ears and the kid's fists in his face, he lost all track of time.

The second time he was headed down, the truth dawned on him; he was a fool. His friends were really his enemies. All they wanted was the money they could make off him and tonight they would make plenty. The house was full and he was still very popular so they would make money on the money bet on him.

He knew now he had no chance with the champion and realized the six previous fights had been fixed. He became angry. He wanted to go to the boxing commissioner, but he had no proof.

The ex-champ got to his feet slowly at the count of eight. There was only one thing to do, beat this kid. He tried valiantly. He dodged, ducked, he called on all his old-time skill. The fight only went two more rounds. The

cuts around the eyes of the ex-champ deepened.

Finally he found his opening. He ducked a right to the head and dug his left hand into the kid's midsection. At the same time his right hand hit the kid in the chest. The kid staggered and doubled over. The ex-champ hit him with a left, right, left combination, and the kid fell over.

That night the ex-champ told the papers he was retiring for the second time. He had saved the money of the people who bet on him, but his story caused an investigation of boxing. He has now even retired from business. You see he went blind immediately after the fight, a victim of his own pride and foolishness and the evil of others.

Robert Boutilier, '55

IT ISN'T FAIR

He'd heard about it, but how could anyone help hearing about Bill Castle's party? After all, Bill Castle was just "It" around school, and if someone like Bill Castle threw a party, you could be quite sure everyone in the school would hear about it.

Not only did they hear about it, but it was the only thing they talked about. Everywhere you went you'd hear snatches of conversation about it.

Only about twenty people were being asked, and Johnny hadn't been one of them. Johnny sat thinking this as he tried to keep his mind on his school work. It's tomorrow night, Johnny thought. How'll I ever live through it?

Johnny was a junior; he played center-forward on the varsity basketball team. He also was a wonderful dancer. He went around with all the good kids, the people that mattered in school, like Bill Castle. But still Johnny hadn't been invited. Last year he had

been voted "Longest to be remembered" by his class. He knew they all liked him.

"Johnny!" That woke him up with a start. "It's supper-time. Dad's home."

Johnny washed and went downstairs to have supper. The family gathered around the table. As he sat down, Johnny almost cried out loud in shame, "Oh, why, why must I be Johnny Jones, a Negro, and be left out? Why?" He choked at the thought, and his mother gave him a queer look.

"It's your turn to give thanks, Johnny," his mother said.

He had a hard time saying it, but he did manage to get through it.

After supper, Dad said, "Aren't you going out?" and Johnny answered, "No, I have too much studying to do," and went upstairs.

Johnny had just sat down when the phone rang. It's Bill, he thought. He's going to ask me to his party after all. He said aloud, "No, it isn't possible."

His mother called, "Johnny, it's for you." He walked slowly out, his face red. He picked up the phone slowly.

"Hello," he said.

"Hey, Johnny, this is Freddie. Have you done your math? I couldn't get number four."

Kay Himber, '54

A BATTLE WITH HIMSELF

"Pete—Pete Drake," called Jerry to his friend, who seemed to be walking past the local drug store in a daze. Perhaps the pretty, blond-haired girl walking beside him was the cause of this dreamy unconsciousness.

"Pete," said Jerry again, as he ran up to him and gave him a friendly pat on the back which nearly knocked him over.

"How ya been, Pete? Haven't seen ya in a dog's age."

"Jerry, heck, you're the last person I expected to see." (And secretly, the last person he had wanted to see. Pete and Jerry had always chummed around together in school, but somehow, Pete never completely trusted or felt at ease with Jerry. Jerry was a year ahead of Pete in school and had been away at college.) "Home on vacation? Ya? Good to see you." (Pete didn't really mean it, but he thought it was the appropriate thing to say.)

By this time, Jerry had noticed the attractive girl at Pete's side and seemed fascinated by her. As he stared intently at her, he said in his smooth, college voice, "You must be new in town. I certainly never would have missed a cute chick like you."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jerry. This is Rosemary Simmons. She just moved into town last month."

"Hi, Rosemary. Say, why don't we all go in the drugstore and have a soda?"

Rosemary seemed to like the idea, so the three entered Susie's Sweete Shop and sat in a corner booth.

It took only a few moments for Pete to realize that his suspicions and fears weren't far from wrong. Jerry had always had a way with girls. He seemed to forget that Pete was there and became engaged in a private conversation with Rosemary.

Apparently, Rosemary noticed the dejected look on Pete's face, for she tried to bring Pete into the conversation. But her efforts were in vain.

Pete was like that. Whenever he was angry or disappointed, he became very silent, as if he were fighting a battle within himself. The only girl he'd ever really liked, and now, before he'd even had a date with her, Jerry had taken

over. Time and time again the same thing had happened when they were in school together. In sports, studies, and everything else, Jerry always seemed to obtain just what Pete had dreamed about for himself.

"Well, I've got to hurry," Pete suddenly burst out. "I've got to be at baseball practice at three. See you later."

"But——," stammered Rosemary.

"Never mind, doll. I'll walk you home," proposed Jerry, as Pete clumsily stormed out of the store and dejectedly caught up with some of the others going to practice.

That night, after supper, Pete tried hopelessly to do his homework. But somehow, he just couldn't keep his mind on his physics problems. Jerry and Rosemary kept pursuing him.

"I wonder if he's visiting her tonight. Maybe they went for a walk, or to the library, or maybe he isn't seeing her at all."

It didn't matter that Rosemary hadn't seemed at all interested in Jerry. Pete knew there was nothing he could do. Jerry would always have his way.

Perhaps he could just casually walk by Rosemary's house on the way to the library or to do an errand. If he just knew that she was at home, he wouldn't be so tormented.

As he strolled slowly by her house, he glanced up on the porch, feeling very conspicuous and hoping no one would see him.

"Oh, Pete," called Mrs. Simmons, "would you come here for a moment?"

Pete was startled for a minute, for he had not noticed Mrs. Simmons in the yard. Since the Simmons family had moved into town, Pete had become quite friendly with the entire family and, next

to Rosemary, Mrs. Simmons was his favorite.

"Pete, would you take some cookies home to your mother? I promised I'd send some over the next time I made them. She liked them so much at the bridge party."

"Sure, Mrs. Simmons," consented Pete. "Uh—— is Rosemary home?"

"Why, no, I don't think she is, Pete. But why don't you come in and wait?"

"I really can't, Mrs. Simmons. I'd like to, but I should finish my homework."

"Oh, I understand. Well, I'll tell Rosemary you were here."

"Humph, probably out with Jerry," thought Pete, as he shoved the gate open and walked back to his home.

That night and the next day at school seemed to drag for Pete. He kept hoping to see Rosemary, for he wanted to ask her to the school dance that night.

"Probably it would be no use, anyway," thought Pete, as he hurried home from school that afternoon without having seen Rosemary all day.

Suddenly, a wild anger seized Pete. Why should he always "take the back seat?" After all, he had seen Rosemary first. For the first time in his life, Pete felt like fighting madly for his dream.

Just then, Fate stepped conveniently in and planned that Jerry should be walking toward Pete.

"Jerry," Pete said, as he roughly grabbed him by the collar, "what's the idea of stealing my girl?"

"Your girl? Oh, you mean Rosemary. Hah, that's a joke—stealing that dumb, skinny frill? Why, she was even too stupid to accept my invitation to the dance tonight. Imagine, a girl too dumb to realize how lucky she is to be asked by me!"

"Dumb, is she? Let's hope this

will knock some sense into you."

"Sock!" sounded Pete's fist, as it connected with Jerry's jaw.

"From now on, don't ever call my girl stupid!" warned Pete, as he marched toward Rosemary's house.

Jerry sat on the pavement, more stunned by Pete's independent action than by the force of the blow. "Well, what do you know? I never thought that little guy had it in him," exclaimed Jerry, watching the determined gait of Pete in amazement.

When Pete reached Rosemary's house, he was so spirited that he didn't even bother to open the gate, but jumped over it and ran up to the porch where Rosemary was sitting.

"Well, hi, Jack Rabbit!" greeted Rosemary.

"Hi! Say, Rosemary, how about going to the dance with me to-night?" proposed Pete.

"Silly, I've been waiting all week for you to ask me. When you left the drugstore the other day in such a huff, I began to get worried. What was wrong? Did I say something or do something _____,"

"Now you're being silly. Forget it. It was nothing. Well, I'll see you tonight, Rosemary. And, Rosemary, gee, you're swell."

At last Pete had learned that one has to fight for the things he wants in this world. And as they danced cheek to cheek that night under the crepe paper and balloons, Pete thought, "Gee, isn't life wonderful?"

Beverlee Thomson, '54

GRANDPA

One afternoon, as I walked down the usually thronged street, I suddenly smelled smoke. I looked around and my eye rested on a large window from which smoke was slowly seeping. I turned and

hastened to find an alarm box and quickly reported the fire.

When I returned to the scene of my discovery, a crowd was slowly gathering. Soon the big red truck swung around the block and pulled up in front of the large house. I hurriedly explained my findings to the chief who immediately set his men to work pulling up ladders, dragging hoses, etc. They suddenly turned on the big hose and forced it in through the smoky window.

By this time a large crowd was pushing closer and constantly bothering the busy men. Soon I heard a siren and three shiny police cars stopped. They immediately set to work clearing the cluttered area of the curious on-lookers. I begged to be allowed to stand by as I had been the discoverer of the fire.

Out of nowhere there suddenly came a distressing yell. Very frightened, I watched the rescue men drag out a stretcher and medical supplies as the two brave firemen chopped the door down and forced their way through the smoky house. Silence for the first time since the crowd had gathered, prevailed as everyone, eyes on the broken door, waited.

In a few minutes a hearty jovial laugh could be heard echoing in the house. Everyone, thoroughly mystified, wondered what was happening. Soon the grimy firemen reappeared waving a smoking pan. They were followed by a very irritated and very wet young man. He walked up to the chief and all he could do was spurt out water.

When he got his breath all he could say was, "You ruined my lovely pancakes."

The chief slowly turned and walked up to me. His accusing eyes held mine as he said, "You, you're the one."

I was very embarrassed and ashamed and I dropped my eyes.

Suddenly the strange young man began to laugh. He walked up to me and said, "I have been alone and I was very unhappy, and through your mistake I have met some new friends. Thank you very much."

The little old lady smiled through sweet but misty eyes as she looked down at her three interested little grandchildren who clapped their chubby hands for her to continue.

"And that," she finished, "is how your grandma met your grandpa." Susan Hearty, '54

ROUTE 99

After you've lived in Montana a while, you get to feel the real friendly-like ways of its people. This particular night, I had my first real experience with the mountaineer's kind and friendly ways.

It was about 11 o'clock. I had gone into Butte to settle a few business affairs and to see the town. A five-year hitch in the Canadian Infantry had made me forget the glitter and excitement of a big city. The last real city I had seen was Paris, and, after the Nazis had finished with it, it had become just a ghost village, its pomp and beauty covered by dead bodies.

I had planned walking back to Corkney when it began to pour—rain like I had never seen. My natural instinct told me to start thumbing. Luck was with me. The first car, a green Cadillac convertible, came to a screeching stop. The door opened and the driver said, "Hop in." That was the biggest mistake of my life. We sped down the highway, but my eyes were fixed on the half dozen bottles spread about the floor of the car.

I watched the driver very closely. His eyes were glassy, but star-

ing straight ahead into the wet darkness. One hand held the ivory steering wheel, while the other held still another bottle.

I glanced at the speedometer. We were reaching 85 miles an hour. Jumping from the car onto the hard pavement would mean sure death. I had to sit it out!

He was passing car after car, savagely striking the horn and letting out a little sneer. Taking corners on two wheels on sharp hairpin curves delighted him the most. The steady rolling of the windshield wipers seemed like the ticking away of the hours of my life.

Luck might still be with me. Maybe his gas was low. Maybe he'd run out of gas.

My hope died out. My heart beat all the faster. The dial read three-quarters full.

On we went, whizzing past farms, stores and restaurants. Why didn't we get a flat or develop engine trouble? Anything to stop this drunk.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, my ears detected a whining sound. Now it was getting louder and closer. I spun around and searched the blackness through the rear window.

A tiny red light, flickering on and off, slowly came abreast us, the siren blasting away at the driver. The driver slowly turned to the left, obviously seeing the black vehicle, and passed out. His foot gradually eased off the pedal. Grabbing the liquor-stained wheel and pushing down the brake pedal, I brought the big car to a rumbling stop.

The police left me, the cool spring air made me feel like a human again, and down to the right the little dirt road leading to Corkney came into sight. My prayers had been heard, the danger had passed. But there is only one thing that troubles me. He

didn't even ask me where I was going.

John Slipkowsky, '54

THE RED BOOK

All of the employees at the Wellington Insurance Company were delighted when Paul Jennings was made a junior executive. He was the best qualified and most deserving for the important position he now held with the organization.

Paul still continued taking evening courses at the university. During morning and afternoon breaks for coffee at the cafeteria, his companion was a thin red book.

Barbara Whalen, one of the secretaries tried in devious ways to see the title of his book, but his long fingers covered the lettering. Once, when she brought some letters into his office, she saw the red book on the edge of his desk and brushed against it. It fell face down. Jennings picked it up saying, "This is the most valuable book in my collection." He put it in the top drawer of his desk.

One crisp autumn morning, Barbara was asked to remove and file the papers in Jennings desk. "Has Mr. Jennings received another promotion?" she asked.

"Mr. Jennings has been fired."

At the expense of losing her own position she bristled, "He's the most efficient man we've ever had and the best liked."

"Without a doubt," said her superior, "he was a valuable asset, but he's been coming in anywhere from fifteen minutes to a half-hour late every morning. That young man had better learn that punctuality is of prime importance in the business world."

Barbara went into Jennings' office and found all the drawers empty with the exception of the

top one. In fact, face up, lay the red book. Its title was: "You Can Be a Success."

She opened it to the first chapter, and underscored were the words: "Punctuality is of prime importance in the business world."

Clare Towler, '57

HIDDEN HAPPINESS

One day when I was 10 years old, I came home crying because I had been given a small part in the background of the children's program at school while my playmate was assigned the leading role. Quietly, my mother took out her watch and laid it in the palm of my hand.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"A gold case, a face and hands," I replied.

Then she opened the back of the case and repeated the same question. Now, I could see tiny wheels and screws.

"This watch would be no use at all," said Mother, "without every part—even those you cannot see."

Mother's lesson has made me much happier all through my life so far. I have realized how essential are the small duties which everyone must perform, no matter how insignificant they may seem at the time. Now I do my share of chores without expecting applause from others.

Kathleen M. Verda, '57

GUESS WHO?

She has blonde hair, bright blue eyes, a sweet smile and a glowing personality. She is kind and always willing to help someone who is in need. She is a popular member of this year's freshman class. Who is she?

(See Page 19)





POET'S CORNER

GARDEN FANTASY

Tiny velvet petals
 Form a casket of shimmering dew,
 Crimson cradles of sultry perfume
 With turquoise heavens to view.
 Gay garden fairies perform on the lawn
 In their frocks of bright amber and green,
 And dazzle the eye of a chance passer-by
 With their beauteous frolicksome scene.
 A baby-faced violet, its petals upraised
 To smile at the glistening sun
 In its lavender jacket and fuzzy gold vest,
 Promenades until daylight is done.
 A sweet, wistful lilac of lavender lace,
 Her pale blossom tresses on high,
 Gently flirts with the breeze
 As it flits through the trees
 And goes busily hurrying by.
 A saucy red poppy in a tangerine skirt
 Does a gay pirouette on the lawn;
 And where deep purple shadows envelop the earth,
 She awaits her debut with the dawn.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

KITCHEN COMEDY

Water, water everywhere,
 On the kitchen floor.
 Dish towels soaking, sopping wet,
 Dripping more and more.
 Water running from the sink,
 Puddles on the stair.
 Man and mop, they scan the room,
 What a dread affair!
 Soapsuds on the table,
 Likewise on the stair,
 Looks like Mister Devil
 Has found himself a lair.
 Why the buckets, pails and pots,
 Where soap swims free as fishes?
 Sister's got a date tonight,
 So brother's washing dishes.

Josephine Bonanno, '57

“PROMITIS”

Now is the time for high school proms,
At Johnson that's no exception,
So on the night of June eleventh
We'll hold our grand reception.

But now that we've only one week left,
Our classrooms are far from quiet,
There's so much buzzing and talking,
The teachers think it's a riot.

But it's only Susie asking Kate
“What color is your gown?
Did you hear that freshman Mary Smith
Is going with Jimmy Brown.”

“Of course my dress is strapless
With its yellow skirt so flowing.”
“You'd never guess,” says Janie White,
“My ankles will be showing.”

With the boys it's a different story,
They're saving up their money,
To buy some flowers and paint the town
With their very favorite honey.

But the teachers complain to the principal,
That they're getting no attention;
And every night there's more and more,
Serving their detention.

And it's all because of that dread disease,
Not measles or arthritis.
It hits the high school every year,
It's simply called “Promitis.”

Martha Cavallaro, '54

ODE TO A DESK

While writing this I'm at a desk,
On whose top have been depressed
The carvings of uncounted years
And countless pupils sitting here.
A romance bloomed, a romance broken,
Yet, still remains this little token
Of the love that they once knew,
Here on the top where it was drew.
See “Mary and Joe” so lovingly etched?
But they broke up—that's why it's scratched.

When springtime comes “the fancy” turns
And young man's heart for love does yearn,
And idly, as he ignores the teacher,
He carves this lovely little feature.
Much history's writ on Johnson's desks.

By loving hands the pencil's pressed.
Doing a test on a desk so cut,
Your pencil suddenly hits a rut
And spoils a neatly written paper,
Because of someone's idle caper.

We'll miss these hieroglyphics here;
There'll be none, y'know, next year.
A new day's come!—and our new school,
But just who are you trying to fool?
You'll miss this place—its familiar ways
You'll ne'er forget the rest of your days.
And *you're* the one who's done complaining
Of how the roof leaks when it's raining,
Of faulty faucets, broken desks,
And other silly, minor pests.

Admit it now, you'll have your days
When you'll long for old Johnson's ways.
And sentimentally you'll recall
The gatherings held in Johnson's hall,
The assemblies, concerts, dances, plays,
Led by our own Mr. Hayes.
Oh, sure, the new school will be fine,
There'll be no desks all marked and lined.
But don't I wish they'd save just *one*,
Of our ancient desks—just for fun?
And display it in our new school hall,
Where forever it will be seen by all.

Alice Miller, '56

THE ARCH IN THE MOONLIGHT

It shone in all magnificence,
A graceful arch of rainbow hue,
And glorified each sunbeam
With a royal cloak anew.

It wove a pattern on marble walls
Like a flickering mural of light,
And the moon trespassed there, its pale rays to enhance
And escape from the ebony night.

A soft, twinkling gold entwined in her tresses,
Sweet talisman pink kissed her cheek,
In her eyes dwelt the glory—devotion to God,
In her arms lay the Child, pure and meek.

A crystal line portrait of heavenly light
Caressed the solitude of sorrowing night.
She stands by the chapel and guides those gone astray
Toward a path in the moonlight that points out the way.

Dotty Hoessler, '55



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Congratulations are in order for Arthur Lynch who was elected Senior Class Marshal on May 18. The class marshal holds a very honorary position and we are all glad to have Arthur as our leader.

* * * * *

The Annie F. Sargent Memorial Speaking Contest was held at Stevens Hall on May 26 at 8 p.m. The speakers were:

Mary Love—"Americanism vs. Communism," Robert Kellan on "I Like to Obey the Rules," Roberta Bamford, who recited "Trilogy," Helen Marie McCarthy on "Lincoln, the Man of the People," Donald Slipp on "Commerce," David Lane on "Peace Without Victory," Clinton Hollins on "I Speak for Democracy," and Ann Bullock who recited "If."

The judges were Robert J. Sanborn, Director of Speech and Drama, Endicott Junior College, Beverly, Mass.; Brother Richard, F.M.S., Central Catholic High School, Lawrence; and Robert J. Stevenson, Exchange Teacher, Thomson School.

The award winning speeches were delivered by Helen Marie McCarthy, winner of the first prize, Ann Bullock, second prize winner, and Mary Love, third prize winner.

Music was provided by the "Crows," accordion solos by Joan Valliere, vocal solos by Dorothy Hoessler, and dances by Ann Farley.

The program was under the direction of Reed K. Taylor, Instructor of Speech, Johnson High School.

Latest addition to the new High School is the erection of a flag-pole on the Main Street side. Grading operations have also started here and the school is beginning to take on the first hints of nearing completion.

C.G.H.

* * * * *

Congratulations to the new cheerleaders who will have the honor of being on the first cheering squad at North Andover High School. They fully deserved this honor for their cheering ability is terrific. The group is headed by Barbara Driscoll and Maureen Smith, the two pretty co-captains. Also on the squad are cute, curly-haired Gerry Forgetta; two pretty sophomores, Martha Roberts and Gilda Nardi; two cute veteran cheerleaders, Corinne Smith and Ann Doherty; girls with friendly personalities, Maureen Cushing and Roberta Bamford; and cute and tiny Janet Haight. Well, kids, I guess we'll really "wow" them next year with a new high school, a *great* team and such a terrific cheering squad.

D.M.

* * * * *

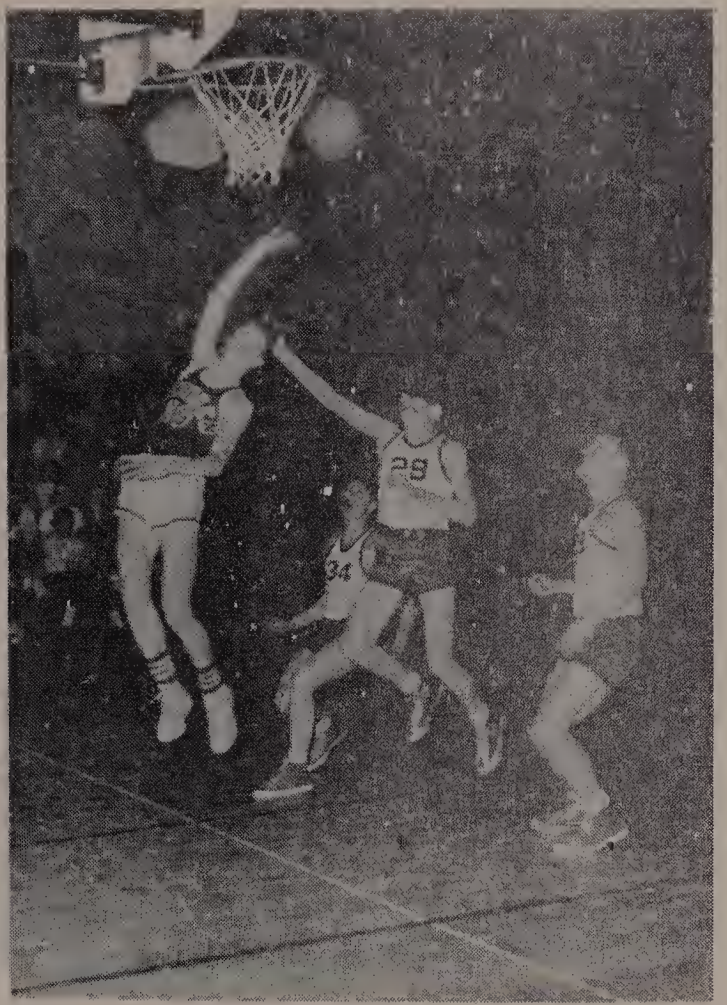
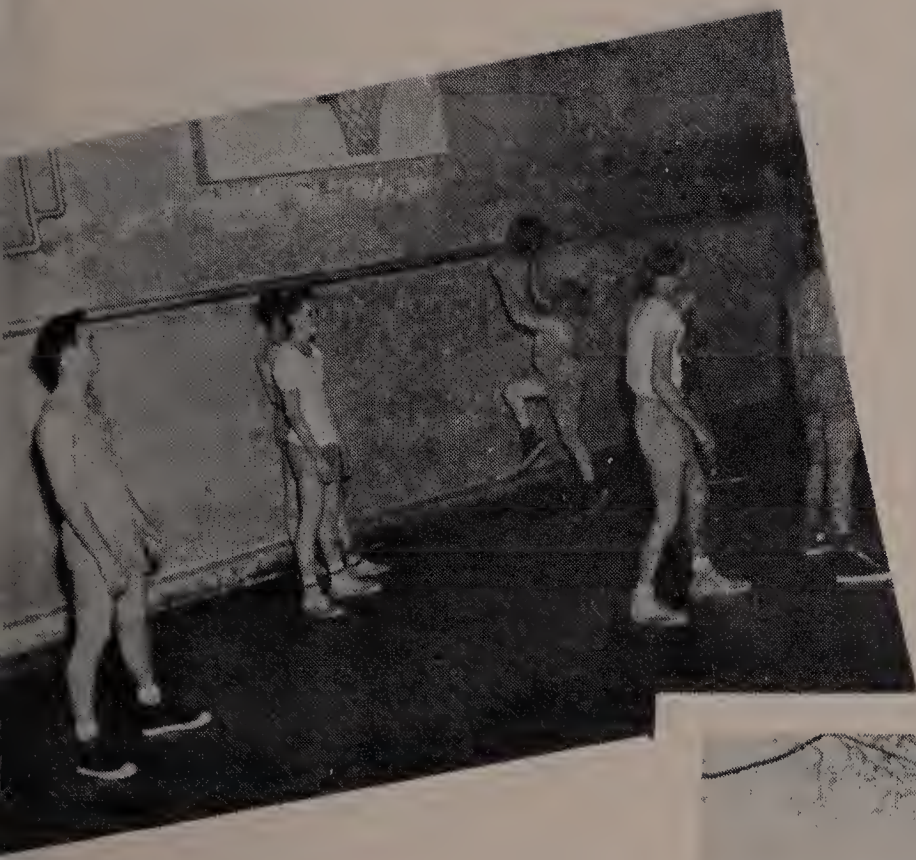
Congratulations to Dale Midgely and Dick Ashworth on winning the Brooks School Scholarship. It's a wonderful opportunity for you and we all know you'll make something wonderful of it! Good luck to both of you!

* * * * *

I hope you all have a pleasant vacation. See you next fall in the *new* high school, and in the *Journal*, I hope!

D.W.





Mr. Finneran and his science class visited the Jersey Ice Cream Plant. The tour proved both interesting and educational to the stu-

dents. The class wishes to thank Mr. Finneran and the personnel at the Jersey Ice Cream Plant for making this tour possible. D.M.



RECORD

GUIDANCE REPORT

On April 9, 1954, a guidance conference was held for seniors. "Careers in Beauty Culture," "Teaching as a Career," and "Opportunities for Young Men in Electronics" were the subjects discussed.

Some of our junior and senior girls attended Student Government Day at Simmons College in Boston on April 22. The girls found the day at the college both interesting and informative.

Here is a follow-up of the class of 1953 as of the fall of 1953.

College

John Boyle—Lowell Textile
Frederick Clark — B. U. Junior College

Leonard Coppeta—Lowell Textile
Paul Donovan—Lowell Textile
Geraldine Drummey — Boston Teachers' College

Carol Hamilton—Boston University

Charles Harbolt—University of Miami

Robert Lewis—Lowell Textile
Claire Markey—Merrimack College

Lois Millikin—Northeastern University

Sandra Vose—Wheaton College

John Wilson—Union College

John Torla—Merrimack College

Nursing

Marilyn Burris—Salem Hospital
Anne Cronin—Lawrence General

Glenda Girard—Salem Hospital
Priscilla Graham—Salem Hospital
Mary J. Lewis — Catherine Laboure
Hilda Shea—Lawrence General

Business School

Clarie Arsenault—Fisher
Marie Mastin—McIntosh
Shirley Sheipers—McIntosh
Anne Walker—Burdett College

Prep and Special Schools

Alice Dolan—Bentley School
Nancy Lawlor—Bentley School
David Wallwork—New Hampton Prep
Anne Nelson—Burbank Hospital, Laboratory Technician
Dominic Mangano — Newman Prep School

Convent

Judith Cyr

Service

Frank Andrews—Air Force
Gordon Berry—Navy
John Boush—Air Force
James Farrell—Air Force
Carlo Giribaldi—Air Force
George Kettinger—Army
Kenneth Lambert—Navy
Paul Lamprey—Air Force
William Riedel—Air Force
Herbert Ackroyd—Navy

Working

Ivy Awley—Hytron
Ruth Bamford—Outlet Co.
Tom Broadhead—Schruender Filling Station

William Choquette — Lawrence Plycraft
 Patricia Driscoll—Precision Sound & Radio
 Priscilla Gidley—Merrimack Fire Insurance
 Bruce Robinson—Dillon, Inc.
 Charles Haight—Hollins' Filling Station
 Joan Roberts—Smith-Sullivan
 Elsie Seymour—Rooks
 Carole Smith—Travers Motor Mart
 Elizabeth Ratcliffe—Essex Savings Bank
 Kevin Devine—Hytron
 Dorothy McCarthy—Arthur's
 George Everson — Longbottom's Grocery
 Gertrude Klufts — Essex Savings Bank
 Robert Lefebvre—Knipe Co.
 Ralph Vernile—John Hancock Insurance Co., Boston
 Richard Zahn—Bolta Co.
 Doris Bisson — Dunn & Bradstreet, Manchester, N. H.
 Elaine Jiadosz—A. A. A.
 Marlene Lovejoy — Continental Baking Co.
 Lillian Bara—Woolworth's, New York
 Lorraine Gibson—Arthur's

Married

Louise Currier Jean Ingram
 Joyce Haigh Elizabeth Mandry

At Home

Joanne Greene Ronald Armano
 Margaret Crotty

J.E.S.

SENIOR CLASS

Recently quite a few scholarships have been announced as being available to seniors from various schools. Any senior entering a school of advanced learning should see Miss Gillen for further information.

Practice for our graduation songs has been started with Mr. Mosher. With enough practice and

cooperation, the vocal part of our graduation exercises should be a success.

Well, seniors, our Junior-Senior Prom, scheduled for June 11, is drawing near! Let's hope everyone goes, in order to make Johnson's last Prom a huge success!

P.M.E.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

On April 12 a joint assembly was held in the hall the seventh period. The first part of this assembly was devoted to the installation of new members in the Johnson Chapter of the National Honor Society. These new members were admitted after the mid-term, therefore, sophomores had become eligible.

Four new members were installed at this time, three sophomores and one senior. They were: Robert Dehullu, Bernice Florin, Joan McDuffie, and Nancy Pendlebury.

D.S.

CANCER COLLECTION

A collection for the benefit of the Cancer Drive was authorized by Mr. Hayes to be taken up in home rooms on Friday, April 30. We thank all those who contributed to this worthy cause. M.B.

PLAY RETURNS

The school play returns were very rewarding. Fifty percent of the total receipts turned in by each class for the school play was assigned to classes as follows:

Seniors	\$51.60
Juniors	\$42.90
Sophomores	\$28.50
Freshmen	\$21.00

M.A.B.

ANSWER TO "GUESS WHO?"

Maureen O'Keefe



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Congratulations to basketball co-captains elect M. Smith and R. Bamford. The best of luck in the new gym and in the suburban hoop league.

Softball has now been added to the girls' sports schedule. Two weeks ago Coach Dunham announced spring practice was beginning that afternoon and an enthusiastic group of 30 students reported to the Kittredge school yard. With such overwhelming interest we're sure to have a winning team.

E.B. and R.B.

BOYS' SPORTS

Johnson started off her baseball season with a victory when she edged Burlington by a one run margin, (6-5).

The ninth inning told the story of the Johnson-Burlington contest. Johnson produced two runs to break a tie and put her out in front 6-4. Burlington grabbed one back in the bottom half, but McLaughlin was hot at that point and let in but one run on a walk, a single and a double as he struck out the side.

Johnson combined two doubles and a single in the ninth to gain the winning margin. Dick Kennedy led off with a single and went to third on a double by John Slipkowsky. Norm Heinze sent both runners home with a solid double to left field to set the score at 6-3.

Johnson's second straight win came when she met Chelmsford on rain-soaked Grogan's Field.

Star of the game was George Acciard, who drew flawless support from his mates and held the invaders to four singles and a

double with some effective fast-balling.

The losers' threat came in the seventh after Murray Hicks had led off with a sharp double to right center. Bill Hall followed with a liner at short, but short-stop Kenny Long caught the ball, fired to third, and Kettinger relayed to second baseman Jack Slipkowsky to get Hicks on a run-down.

Johnson continued to ride high, wide and handsome when she handed Wilmington High a count of 13-0.

So effective were Turner and Heinze that not a ball was hit out of the infield until DePiano got Wilmington's only solid smack, a double to left in the seventh. The visitors' other hit was a scratcher to the left of the mound in the fourth. Other than that, not a Wilmington batter reached first.

A two-out, run-producing double in the 11th by Dick Bretton, combined with the strong one-hit chucking of Ed Sperling, gave Methuen High a tight 3-2 victory over Johnson High at Grogan's Field. The win, Methuen's third straight in loop competition, kept her a half game behind league-leading Punchard High, while for Johnson it was loss number one in four starts. With both featuring buzzing fast balls and an occasional breaking pitch, base hits were few and far between.

McLaughlin was touched for eight safeties, but only four or five were of the solid variety, while Sperling slammed the door on Johnson after giving up a single in the first inning. Sperling set 13 Red and Black batters down on strikes and McLaughlin got eight.

The only weakness either pitcher displayed was touches of wildness; all five runs resulted from bases on balls.

Backing up the slump six-hit pitching of George Acciard with some sparkling defensive plays, and making like a herd of antelopes when they got on base, Johnson High's baseballers jumped back into the thick of things at Grogan's Field where they bumped rival Punchard from the ranks of the undefeated by a score 5-2. The best Punchard could muster for the afternoon were single scores in the fifth and ninth.

Johnson High moved into second place as they put together four and three run innings in the first and third to thump Tewksbury, 7-1. The win, Johnson's fifth against one loss, puts her ahead of Punchard with 4-1, and one down from Methuen with 5-0.

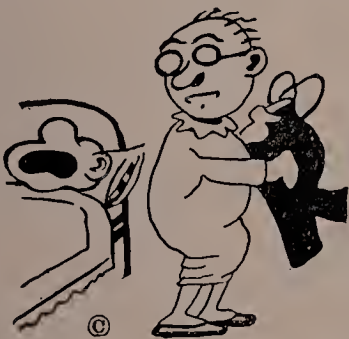
Dan McLaughlin limited the Tewksbury batsmen to two hits while giving up the lone marker in the third inning, while his mates were punching at starting pitcher Bill Marion for four hits along with several free trips. Norm Heinze, Johnson's aggressive little receiver, led the North Andover club again with two solid singles.

Kenny Long's theft of home

in the eighth, and a single in the last of the ninth with two out by Norm Heinze, enabled Johnson High to top Burlington, 5-4. The Red and Black, in picking up its sixth league victory against one loss, faced an uphill fight all the way after three Burlington runs had crossed the plate in the first inning and a fourth had been added in the fifth inning. The tying run was registered on a perfectly executed double steal with Long at the front of it in the eighth. The win keeps Johnson in second place, wedged between Punchard in third with 5-2, and Methuen in first with 6-0. Needless to say, Johnson needs no sweet palaver to bolster her spirits. She's doing great!

More good news! Johnson High's new athletic plant, although still under construction, is already paying handsome dividends! Thanks to the new gym the sports fortunes of the North Andover school got a double-barrel shot in the arm when the Red and Black was re-admitted to membership in the Lowell Suburban league after a four-year exile, and the new gymnasium was chosen to act as host at the first all-star game in the loop's history.

Robert Kellan



EXCHANGES

The Tattler — Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H. Thanks for your comment on the *Journal*. Your music quiz in the February issue was very interesting. It shows that work and thought go into your fine magazine. Your book review section is a very good

thing to have in a school publication.

* * * * *

The Reflector—Central Junior High School, Saginaw, Michigan. I like the way you work so many of your students into your paper. It makes them feel that they are part of it.

The Chronicle — Senior High School, Arlington, Mass. Your idea for having a coming events column is good. This keeps the students posted on what's to come and also should help to boost attendance. Maybe that would help here at Johnson.

* * * * *

The Lookout — Wakefield High School, Wakefield, Mass. Borrowed:

Secrets of Success

Push—said the door.

Never lose your head—said the tack.

Stick to it—said the stamp.

Make light of your troubles—said the candle.

Hang on—said the clothesline.
Keep cool—said the refrigerator.

* * * * *

The Canary—Allentown High School, Allentown, Pa. You have a very fine coverage of sports. Your reporters show by their articles that they are interested in the activity that they are reporting as well as in your paper.

* * * * *

As this is the last time I shall write this column, I would like to thank all the schools who have co-operated so well with us. Without you we could not have done as well as we did this year in this column. Thanks again. R.N.



HUMOR

Man introducing redhead to a friend:

"Fred, in my time I've been married to a blonde, a brunette and a redhead—I'd like you to meet her."

* * * * *

"What do you think would go well with my purple and green socks?"

"Hip boots."

* * * * *

Knock—Knock
Who's there?
Sam'n Janet
Sam'n Janet who?
Sam'n Janet Evening!

* * * * *

Magician: "Before I use this boy for my act, I would like to ask

him a question. Little boy, have you ever seen me before?"

Little Boy: "No, Daddy!"

* * * * *

A worm met another worm coming up from the ground and declared, "You're very beautiful and I'd like to marry you."

"Don't be a dope," was the reply. "I'm your other end."

* * * * *

Ted: "What did the dog say when the car ran over his paw?"

Bill: "I don't know. What?"

Ted: "Oh my poor paw!"

* * * * *

"Mr. Smith, I just heard your little boy is seriously ill from swallowing a half dollar. How is he today?"

"No change yet."

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